

A

P O E M,

Composed by a GENTLEMAN

PRISON

AND

B R O W N S.

on proud Billows, Borne Blow,
curled waves, and

Your Incivility doth know,

That Innocence is Tempest Proof.

Tho' surly Nervous frown, my Thoughts are calm;

Then strike Affliction, for thy Wounds are Balm.

A

That

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That which the World calls a *Jail*,
A private Closet is to me,
Whilst a good *Conscience* is my Bail,
And *Innocence* my Liberty :
Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met,
Make me no Pris'ner, but an *Anchorite*.

I, whilst I wish'd to be Retir'd,
Into this private Room was turn'd;
As if their *Wisdoms* had conspir'd
The *SALAMANDER* should be burn'd;
But had they known how I enjoyed Me,
Prompt, by malicious Spite, they'd set me free.

The *CYNICK* hugs his *Poverty*,
The *PELICAN* her *Wilderness*,
And it's the *INDIAN*'s Pride to be
Naked on frozen *Callicut*;
Contentment cannot smart; *STOICKS*, we see,
Make Torments easy to their *Apathie*.

These *Manacles* upon my Arm
I as my Mistress Favours wear,
And then to keep my Ancles warm
I have some *Iron Shackles* there.
These Walls are but my Prison, and this *Cell*,
Which Men call *Jail*, does prove my *Cittadel*.

So he that struck at *Jason's* Life,
Thinking he had his Purpose sure,
● By a malicious friendly Knife
Did only wound him to a Cure.
Malice, I see, wants Wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves Favour by th' Event.

I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
 Like some high priz'd *Margarite*;
 Or, like some great *Mogul* or *Pope*,
 Am Cloyster'd up from vulgar Sight.
 Retirement is a Piece of Majesty,
 And thus, proud *Sultan*, I'm as great as Thee.

Here Sin, for want of Food, must starve,
 Where tempting Objects are not seen,
 And those strong Walls do only serve
 To keep Vice out, and keep me in.
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

When once my PRINCE Affliction hath,
Prosperity doth *Treason* seem,
 And to make smooth so rough a Path,
 I can learn *Patience* now from him :
 For, not to suffer, shews no Loyal Heart;
 When *Kings* want Ease, *Subjects* should bear a Part.

Have ye not seen the *Nightingale*,
 A Pilgrim coop'd up in a Cage,
 How she doth chant her wonted Tale
 In that her narrow Hermitage ?
 Ev'n then, her charming Melody doth prove;
 That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

My Soul is free as ambient Air,
 Altho' my baser Parts immur'd,
 While Loyal Thoughts do still repair
 T' accompany my Solitude:
 And tho' immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing;
Disgrace to Rebels, Glory to my KING.

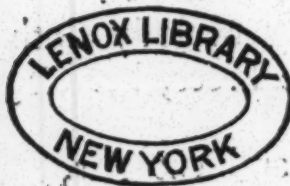
What

What tho' I cannot see my KING
Nor in His Person, nor His Coin,
Yet ~~Com~~ relation is a Thing
That renders, what I have not, Mine.
My KING from me, what Adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my Heart.

I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of Liberty,
But tho' they do my Case confine,
Yet, maugre Spite, my Soul is free:
Altho' Rebellion do my Body bind,
My KING can only captivate my Mind.

F I N I S.

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